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IN THIS ISSUE

Carl S. Patton
"Life is Like That"

Frank S. Hickman
"The Majesty of the Commonplace"

Samuel H. Miller
"The Sermon Jesus Did Not Preach"

Thomas A. Goodwin
"Jesus and the Liquor Traffic"

Robert Freeman
"Far Frae Hame"

Lucius F. Reed
"Why Not Grow Up?"

W. F. Rothenburger
"The Loneliness of Leadership"

Irving P. Johnson
A Pastoral Prayer

"Life Is Like That"

BY CARL S. PATTON

Thou wilt show me the pathway of life. Psalm 16:11.

THE remark which we often hear, "Life is like that," is generally the reflection of a particular state of mind. When your investment goes bad; when your friend fails you; when you see people doing absurd and childish things; when some law or custom appears silly to you; when you are oppressed with the futility, or the foolishness, or the stupidity of people, or life has done something to you personally which you think it should not have done, then you say, "Life is like that." It is almost like saying, "It's all wrong, but in a world like this what else could you expect?"

Everyone feels this way now and then. When Shakespeare makes Macbeth say,

> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage;

when one poet says that "Life is like unto a winter's day," and another says it is like a "summer rose;" or when Robert Burns says,

> O Life, thou art a galling load
> Along a rough and weary road,

they express either what they themselves felt at the moment or what it was proper for their character to feel under the circumstances. But when the poets get to telling what life is like, it's generally something like that.

Once in a while, to be sure, you get a cheerful picture of life from a poet. Such—not too cheerful, just a little dash of melancholy in it—is that in Mrs. Barbauld's familiar lines, "Life, we've been long together," and so on. Browning, as would be expected, does better in the lines,

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Have you found your life distasteful?
My life did, and does, smack sweet.

But for the most part, if you go to the poets for a picture of what life is like, you get a moist and unpleasant one. Brief, uncertain, rounded with a sleep, full of care and trouble, hastening to its end and not so very good while it hastens—something like that for the most part, is what the poets say life is like. Sometimes I almost wish the poets hadn't always, or pretty nearly always, felt bad when they wrote; or hadn't always, or pretty nearly always, written when they felt bad. For life *is* like that, undoubtedly; but it isn't all like that, and that isn't the only thing it's like.

Life as a Vapor

You can find a similar picture of life in many other places. "What is your life?" asks the New Testament Epistle of James; and answers, "It is even a vapor, which appeareth for a time and then vanisheth away." "Therefore I hated life," said Ecclesiastes. Job cursed the day of his birth. With grim determination the modern novelists represent life, in the famous words of Hobbes, as "poor, nasty, brutish and short."

In a recent volume entitled "The Great American Bandwagon," Mr. Charles Merz attempts a picture of contemporary American life. His general thesis is that we are an adventurous, restless, pioneering people. But the frontier is gone. The wild animals are all killed off. The Indians are safe on their reservations. So life has become drab and tasteless. And he traces the ways in which we try to put the romance, the adventure, the tang, back into it. There are our secret societies, with some ten million men and women enrolled in them—"the Maccabees who meet in hives, the Red Men who meet in tribes, the Watchmen who meet in forts, the Prophets who meet in grottoes, the Owls who meet in nests, the Eagles who meet in aeries." He enumerates the "rapidly growing secret orders, the Beavers, the Lions, the Serpents, the Roosters, the Orioles, the Deer, the Geese, the Goats, the Bears, the Moose, the Elks, the Buffaloes," and says: "Here is John Jones, a plain bank teller of 211 East Fourth street. But here also is John Jones, on Tuesday evenings from 7:30 to 11, a Sir Knight Errant of the Mystic Order of Granada." The treasurer is not a treasurer; he is an August Keeper of the Strong-Box. The citizen is not a citizen; he is a knight, a monk, a priest, a dervish or an ogre." "All over America, six nights a week, from one to five million men and women dress up as Brahmins, pharaohs, vikings, princes, hermits, druids, Galahads, sorcerers, Maltese and Tibetans." Life is drab, he says; so men play Indian.

He traces the same quest for a vanished romance and thrill through the radio. Seven million sets run all day and most of the night. Twenty stations were recently on the air for 651 hours in one week; they gave 84 hours to talk, 119 hours to serious or semi-serious music, 448 hours to jazz. It is the old tom-tom, he says, come to life again, to dissipate a little of its drabness. There are five thousand golf courses, with two million people tramping over them—I am reminded of verses I recently read somewhere—

The golf course lies so near the mill,
That almost every day
The little children at their work
Can see the men at play.

Life is like that, too. Mr. Merz deals with the college football games, which thirty million people now pay $50,000,000 every autumn to see; with the twenty million people who go to the movies every day, to get one more glimpse of Indians, cowboys, the wide-open spaces, and people making love; he mentions the forty thousand people who paid $2,600,000 to see the last great prizefight—twenty-four special trains and 20,000 motor cars rolling them safely into the city, and 40,000,000 people who couldn't get there, listening in over the radio; he tells of the fifty reporters from fifty metropolitan dailies who gathered at a little town in Connecticut, to report a certain murder trial, and wired 12,000,000 words to their papers—more words than there are in most people's libraries. O yes, life is like that. No doubt of it.

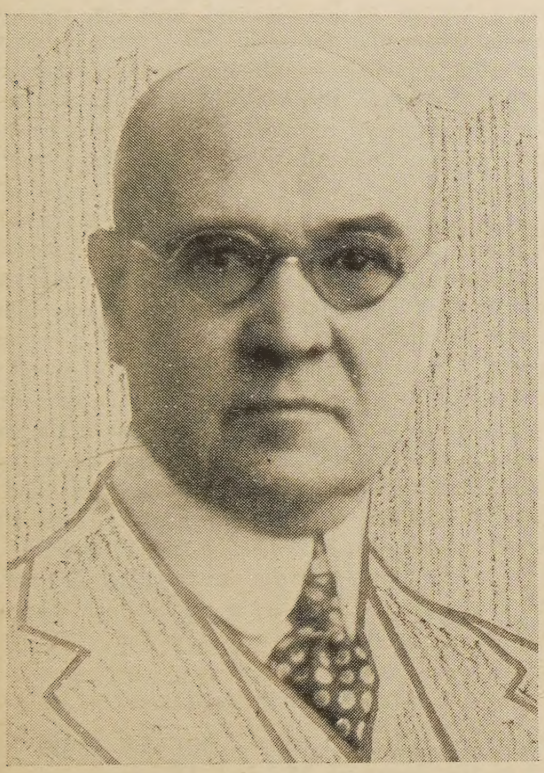
The Unreasonabless of Experience

As I said in the beginning, when we say, "Life is like that," it is generally something of this sort we have in mind. Something that has happened to us which we think ought not to have happened, and that wouldn't have happened if we were running the universe; something absurd, irrational, deplorable, in human society.

But why shouldn't we say it equally of other things, of the opposite sort? I ran, the other day, upon an account given by Professor Palmer, of Harvard, of six summers he spent with Professor Caird in the Scottish Highlands. "The procedure," he says, "was always the same. After a simple breakfast we worked in our respective rooms till lunch time. Then we walked for three hours, accompanied by Mrs. Caird and a shaggy poodle dog known to Glasgow students as the Ding an Sich. It always rained. These walks were our seasons of earnest discussion. Returning in time to get off our wet clothes, we ate a hearty dinner; then we read aloud till ten o'clock, when Mrs. Caird and I withdrew and left Caird himself for three hours more over books in all languages." There comes to my mind again Heine's famous description of Immanuel Kant: "He lived an abstract, mechanical, old-bachelor existence in a quiet, remote street of Königsberg. I do not believe that the cathedral clock of that city accomplished its day's work in a less passionate and more regular way than its countryman, Immanuel Kant. Everything had its fixed time; and the neighbors knew that it must be exactly half-past four when they saw Professor Kant, in his grey coat, with his cane in his hand, step out of his house door and move toward the little lime-tree avenue. Eight times he walked up and down it at every season of the year, and when the weather was bad or the clouds threatened rain, his servant, old Lampe, was seen anxiously following him with a large umbrella under his arm, like an image

f Providence. And when he passed, at the appointed our, the good people gave him friendly greetings, and et their watches." Life is like that, too.

Not all like that, of course; not most of it. There s the man I saw often down at the beach, thin, pale, ut of a job—trying for many months to get money nough for his operation—now through with it at last, nd, a little thinner and paler, sitting out in the sun o recover. There is the man who stole my coat and at out of my auto, and got into jail—not on any omplaint of mine, he needed the coat and hat much



Carl S. Patton

vorse than I did—and now writes me a letter, saying: 'It makes it doubly hard to know that I stole from minister of the gospel. This winter has been very ard on me. I came out here with some money I arned in the stockyards in Chicago. I finally ran short f money and no work to be had. I received ninety ays. With God's help I will pull through. Los ngeles is kind of hard to get acquainted with decent eople, and this jail is the last place I would look for real friend. So I want you to be my friend. I am n a room here with about forty other men just lying round all day with nothing to do. Write me a line r so. I need a helping hand—now more than ever efore." I am sorry for him. Rather hard on a man, o have to acquire the acquaintance of a minister by tealing his hat and coat and getting ninety days for it! go to see him, take him some books, talk to him hrough the grating about himself and his folks in Chicago. But what can I do for him? So there he is, ating at the expense of the county, and lying around or ninety days, and coming out, probably, worse than he went in. But life is like that too, it seems. And yet not all like that either.

A Fight of Faith

The same mail brings me a letter from a girl who says she would like to be a member of our church, but that the last few years have been full of doubts and questionings, although she knows there is some Force that sustains us when all others fail. Representatives of an old and once honored people with whom history has dealt harshly, and confronted suddenly with the wealth and the learning of a new land, she fights bravely for a faith that will hold her up.

Or, turning from the day's mail, I dip my hand down into my memory of people in this parish; hundreds of people stand out. But among them there is the picture of the old deacon, graduate of Amherst and of Göttingen, professor of chemistry and of history and German in an eastern college, but for years here spending a few hours a day in his dusty little law office, and the rest of it with his paralyzed wife. I meet him one day and ask, "What are you reading this winter?" "Spanish," he says; "nothing but Spanish this winter." And there is the other man, also a deacon, his bosom friend and crony; picking up a few dollars by what is left to him of his old business as a photographer, also with a sick wife at home; but gentle, courteous, smiling, the right word forever on his lips, he walks across the pages of my memory like an old knight out of a story book. There is the old couple I go to see when I can; crippled, far-off, but reading the church calendars every week and anxious to know how far along the new church is. There is the man who does not belong to this church, but writes me a note and asks me to come to see him, and when I get there has his check for $500 all written out—for the building fund. There is the girl taking care of her mother; there are fathers worrying about their boys; there are the men holding on to their jobs, and fearing that any day they may lose them, and only the job between them and the county farm; there are the little children saying their prayers at night.

"Persecuted But Not Forsaken"

There is a whole host of people—I bear them gratefully on my heart before God—people, as Paul said of himself, "persecuted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed; perplexed but not in despair," borne up by the same great hope in their hearts, the same bright courage that has shone in the faces of the prophets and apostles and martyrs in all the ages. A ruggedness like that of Martin Luther, a simple unquestioning faith like that of Francis of Assisi, and an idealism that would do honor to Savonarola, a patience and a pity like that of Jesus Christ—they are all around us, beloved. Life, right here and now, is still like that.

I look, then, at life as I have seen it, and as I see it still flowing past my door every day; and I think of another life, lived long ago, in poverty and self-sacri-

fice, without luxury, without excitement, without haste, without worry, without fear, without hatred, a life of friendship for the unbefriended, a life made strong out of weakness, and snatching victory out of seeming defeat, the life lived for our advantage and for the everlasting inspiration of our kind; and I say, "Life is like that, too." Why don't we make more life like it, and every life more like it?

The Majesty of the Commonplace

By Frank S. Hickman

The place whereon thou standest is holy ground. Exodus 3: 5.

THE SIMPLE, graphic story of the life of Moses recorded in the book of Exodus is biographical art at its best. It leaves nothing out that is necessary to portray one of the great pivotal men in human history; and it adds nothing that is unnecessary. Its line and color are simple but sublime in their dramatic clearness and strength. And nowhere is this unassuming narrative at sharper focus than in the account of the revelation that came to Moses at the burning bush in the grazing lands of Midian, as it is recorded in the third chapter of Exodus.

The picture is that of a shepherd engaged in the routine duties of his somewhat monotonous life. He is walking in a path that countless shepherds have trod before him, doing the same things that shepherds have always done. But suddenly out of this commonplace round a marvelous vision bursts upon him such as no other shepherd has ever seen, and a commission comes to him which is destined to change the history of the world. A majestic hour is striking in the story of man, and it is striking not in some extraordinary place where a man's spirit is lifted up above the customary tasks of the common day, but in the very midst of its routine duties. There is something about the natural realism of this story that glorifies the commonplace, that invests it with all the possibilities of majesty, and it is that aspect of it that engages our attention during this hour.

Travelers in that region of the world tell us that the spectacle of a bush that burns and yet is not consumed is still occasionally seen upon the wide-stretching plains of ancient Midian. There is a scientific explanation of this illusion which need not engage us now; but there is still, as there has always been, something uncanny about it. No wonder that when on rare occasions the lonely shepherd saw this spectacle he was moved with a feeling of awful reverence, sure that God was in that place in a very special sense, and that the ground whereon he stood was holy ground. And yet to none other did the flaming bush mean what it meant to Moses. His experience was different from that of all other shepherds because he himself wa different from them. When God has a message t speak to man, what he says is necessarily limited b what there is in his messenger's experience which en ables him to receive and interpret the divine message

When such a man as Moses walks the common pat of men, where others find in the daily round of dut only a wearisome monotony, or at best a faint stirrin of the feeling of wonder and reverence, this man step into a world-changing revelation. An Amos walks th beaten paths of Tekoa, but he hears a divine voic which no other vine-dresser in Tekoa ever caught; Bunyan tramps about England mending pots an pans, but above the din of his lowly task he catche voices that presently are to reverberate immortall through "Pilgrim's Progress;" a Lincoln steers hi awkward raft down the Mississippi and ties up nea a slave-auction block, but out of his rough routin labor a voice sounds which no other raftsman eve heard; a Riis tramps the round of a New York re porter in search of news, and out of the ugly tenement through which his duties carry him catches a challeng from the God of social justice which makes him veritable prophet; and a lad of Galilee at a commo carpenter's bench, shaping the same yokes of wood fo the necks of cattle which countless other carpenter have shaped, dreams his way into a vision of the com ing kingdom of God when men shall wear the spiritua yoke which he shall shape for them as easily and a gratefully as these toiling bearers of burdens shal wear the wooden yokes which he is now making. I every case the majesty of the commonplace lies not s much in the task itself as in the spirit which the grea soul brings to the task.

Life Experience at Center

Now just what did happen that day in the bac parts of the desert of Midian? We have spoken o Moses' vision as carrying with it a world-changin revelation. Let us change the figure a little and sa that at this moment the whole life of Moses came t its perfect center, as when a top spins perfectly upo its point. In Moses' new conception of God whic came to its first clear focus in the presence of th burning bush the religious life of the Hebrew peopl found a pivot upon which it turned completely around We say that modern philosophy revolved about th mental experience of Emanuel Kant, and so we ma say that the Hebrew religion revolved about the expe rience of Moses. Before Moses the Hebrews had kind of nature religion which did not essentially diffe from that of neighboring peoples. Their conception o God was clannish and narrow; they thought of him a a God of bloody battles and vengeance. With Moses new conception of God and man began to unfold in th Hebrew consciousness. It was a long time after Mose that Hebrew leaders gradually came into the clea realization that their God was the God of all peoples as well as of the Hebrews, but the germ of that ide is surely to be found in the mind of Moses after his vi sion at the burning bush. It took centuries for th Hebrew prophets to unfold their doctrines of the hu

mane relation of man to man, but the germ of this humanitarianism can be traced in Hebrew religion back to Moses.

The Hebrews developed a religion which had the loftiest ethical standards of all the religions of antiquity, but the very basis of Hebrew ethics is to be found in that conception of God as making an indissoluble covenant with his chosen people which Moses brought down from Midian to his enslaved kinsmen in the land of Egypt. The Hebrew religion which brought to birth the great prophets of the eighth and seventh centuries before Christ and which formed the soil out of which Christianity itself could spring was not the religion of the half-savage tribes before Moses' time; it was the religion of Moses himself, brought to birth in Moses' own soul and consciousness, and delivered by him to Israel as God's elect messenger.

FRANK S. HICKMAN

As one reads the story in this third chapter of Exodus he becomes aware of a certain doubleness in it. Moses plainly realizes that the new conception of God into which he has come is so different from that idea of God which the Hebrews have always held that they will not recognize Moses' God as their own God at all. To be sure, he means to speak to them in the name of the God of their fathers; but he knows they will not recognize him as the same God. When they insist upon knowing the name of this God in whose behalf Moses speaks, what shall he say unto them? How sharply that turn of the story suggests the religious experience of our own day! We send forth our boys and girls from good, old fashioned religious homes, and behold, one day they come back to us from some mount of vision speaking to us in the name of a God we hardly recognize as the God of our old religion at all. We listen to them curiously, sometimes anxiously, and we say, But what religion is this of which you speak? What God is this whom you are trying to make clear to us? Are you sure it is the old God, or are you off on some different track? Devout souls have had to go through that agonizing experience of the changing focus in the meaning of God at every point in the religious advancement of our race.

A Religious Genius

Whenever Moses brings a new vision of God which sets him in a different perspective from the old fashioned idea of God, he must always stand the persistent questioning of conservative religion. But Moses cannot go back to the older view; he has come, through a desperation of soul which his questioners cannot understand, into a new understanding of God and his relation to men, and upon this new revelation his whole sense of mission is based. So will it be with those who come to be our leaders out of the shackles of Egypt today. They will bring us new conceptions of God, and in the name of their new vision will they command us in God's name to move out toward the promised land. But how will we receive them when they come? How shall we truly know in what God's name they speak?

I do not say that every man can stand before the common bush of life's routine and come into a blazing new realization of what God means. Only spiritual genius can do that, and surely Moses belonged to a line of spiritual genius of no mean order. Besides himself, a brother and a sister came from the same family to assist him in the deliverance of his people. Of his parents we know almost nothing, but the brief flash we get of his mother permits us to infer that genius was not lacking in her. We have to admit the part which native genius plays in every great forward movement of the race, but genius wrongly trained or untrained is likely to run amuck. The same genius which can save a people when it is rightly developed can wreck it when it is wrongly trained. The world owes an inestimable debt to the essential greatness of the genius of Moses, but it owes an even greater debt to the education which made him what he was.

A Modern Leader

We have said that Moses' new vision of God was different from the idea held by his people in Egypt, and yet there was always a strong strain of the old religion in his experience. We are reminded of another great leader in modern times, the German Schleiermacher, who became a notable prophet of the new day. Schleiermacher was born in a staunch old German pietist family, and his early training was that of the pietist school. With his expanding experience, however, together with his introduction to another type of training, Schleiermacher came to a position radically different from that of his parents. And yet those who have studied him most closely freely admit the strong

strain of pietism visible in the thinking of Schleiermacher despite all later developments and modifications.

And so it was with Moses. His roots ran deep into the pietism of his old fashioned Hebrew parents. He never lost that strain out of his religious temperament and point of view. But he grafted into that sturdy old stalk a new and higher conception of God and of life. He had the spirit of his fathers, but he had the new vision of a pioneer. We must attribute that powerful old Hebrew dynamic to the tender years in which the training of the child Moses was in the hands of his mother, while she got him ready to become the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter. There was bitter spiritual struggle ahead of him, but the religion of his childhood brought him through. And so may it be with our sons and daughters in these days of radical change in which we now live.

We cannot fully account for the new revelation of God which burst upon the mind of Moses without taking into account what is sometimes called the cross-fertilization of culture. It cannot be accidental that he who was to deliver his people from Egypt was subjected to all the culture of Egypt as the adopted son of an Egyptian princess; we may well believe that God's hand was in that play of destiny. An old tradition has it that Moses was trained to become a priest in the Egyptian cult of the sun. Whatever we may make of that, we may be sure that a man of his genius would absorb the most advanced ideas of his day prevalent in the court of Pharaoh, ideas playing about a civilization much higher than that ever attained by his own people. There is little evidence that many of the Egyptian ideas went over bodily into the thinking of Moses, but they certainly must have challenged and awakened him to the unrealized possibilities of his own religion in a manner impossible in a wholly Hebrew upbringing.

Moses Could Learn

Then when Moses had to flee into the land of Midian to escape the wrath of Pharaoh, he came in touch with yet another phase of ancient religious belief and practice, much more closely allied to the Hebrew faith than the Egyptian cult was, and yet different enough to make a further revision of Moses' outlook possible. It is significant that it was at the foot of the holy mountain of Midian that Moses came into his new vision, and it is hardly less significant that all through the years of his quiet sojourn in the land of Midian he had been an inmate in the home of his father-in-law, the priest of Midian.

The hand of the Hebrews was certainly in Moses' prophetic vision of God and of his own mission in life, but the pressure of other hands was there also, to check, to challenge, and to modify: the hand of Egypt and the hand of Midian. Is it not so also among us? The leadership of our people tomorrow will be in the hands of those who are just now experiencing a bafflingly mixed social culture. It will not be the same as the leadership to which we have hitherto been accustomed. It will be infused with new ideas and with old values seen in new perspectives; it will work along lines that seem very strange to the older generation. But insofar as it retains the spiritual vigor of a former age it will feel the hand of the older religion in which it was nurtured, although that primary impulse is bound to be checked and modified by a thousand other pressures, some of which seem utterly hostile to the old religion. Yet as God lives, the spiritual vigor of the old Hebrew blood shall not die out of us in all this complex of new social forces and interpretations of life!

The Price of New Light

And now a word about the price which a man like Moses must pay for his new light and message. New spiritual light is born through travail of soul. It is inconceivable that Moses could have found God in so overwhelming a fashion at the burning bush without a preceding anguish of spirit comparable to that of Jesus in Gethsemane. The crushing burden of the Hebrew bondage was constantly upon his heart even while he himself was a free man in Midian. Not only had his childhood training sent the blood of the old religion coursing through his veins, but it had bound him by every spiritual fiber of his being to the Hebrew people. We recall that it was this passionate loyalty to his own people that sent him into exile through the slaying of a heartless Egyptian. It is probable that throughout his years in the land of Midian he kept closely in touch with the condition of his people in Egypt, and that as the years went round he could not fail to see that the tide of injustice and oppression was rising higher and higher.

Little imagination is required to follow the development of Moses' thinking through those anxious years. What kind of God is this, he may constantly have asked, who can see his own people crushed like this and do nothing about it? Will he ever do anything about it, and how? Through what human agency will deliverance ever come? Through long and seemingly endless years the torturesome questions keep burning their way into his very soul. Then slowly faint suggestions of the answers to them creep into his consciousness. They come back again and again with constantly growing strength. They are rising like a tremendous underswell of the sea in the depths of his soul. Then one day it begins to roll in upon his consciousness that perhaps his older conceptions of God are not great enough to comprehend so staggering a situation as this. Perhaps God is greater and more far-reaching in his plans and power than the Hebrews have ever supposed. Perhaps—but no, it can never be—perhaps it may be that he himself is to have some part to play in the deliverance of his people. But that thought is hastily discarded, for he is a stumbling and faltering man, without the eloquence which will make the Hebrew people listen. But it comes again and again upon him. There is that last period of frightful depression which always comes before a tremendous new illumination. The days wear themselves wearily along. He cannot fasten his mind to the humdrum tasks which his daily duties demand. There is a certain absent-mindedness, an all-absorbing spirit of brooding, a cease-

less meditation upon the rapidly approaching climax in the fate of his people. His soul is bowed down before God and in anguish of spirit he cries, "O Lord, how long!"

When such a moment as that comes in the experience of any earnest soul, light can never be far off. Anyone who has gone through that trial of the spirit knows that he has no need to journey to some great cathedral or hide himself away in some majestic mountain to find God. God is very near, nearer than hands, and feet, and breathing. He is ready to flame out of every common bush in the day's grind of monotonous duty, so only the eye of spirit be quick to see him, and the ear of the spirit be quick to hear him. The ground whereon such a person stands is holy ground, even though no one ever thought of it so before. Behold the temple of the Most High is there beside the common, dusty path of everyday life, and the glory of the Holy One of Israel doth light up that path with a majesty surpassing anything of which an earth-bound mind can even dream. Beauty, and strength, and majesty are there in the things of common life; but Duty is there also—all-compelling Duty is there.

The vision of God does but light up the path of our duty to man. We are bound with the fetters of the loving God himself to enter into the captive life of the world, and to lead it forth from its captivity even at the risk of our own safety. It is a perilous thing thus to see God along every dusty road of life; but it is such peril as makes life everlastingly real and charged with glorious destiny. It is the peril that plays always about true majesty.

The Sermon Jesus Did Not Preach

By Samuel H. Miller

I have yet many things to say unto you but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come he will guide you into all truth.—John 16:12, 13.

THAT the gospel was a finished work, closed by Christ's passing, has been uttered so often and accepted so generally during the many centuries of the church, that it is refreshing to come upon his own words telling us that there were many things he left unsaid, for which his disciples were unprepared but into which they would be guided in time. "I have many things to say unto you," he said, "but ye cannot bear them now." That sermon of profounder implications and far flung tasks, he refrained from preaching, for their sakes. How much better it would be for us who labor in the ministry and for those who worship under our guidance, were we to exercise the fine art of self-restraint, as the Master Teacher and Preacher once practiced it!

But immediately one hears a protest! Surely, the ministry has restraint aplenty. If it needs anything, it needs freedom. It ought to launch forth rather than hold back. Preachers ought to speak out what they believe, not keep it under cover. There are too many puppets in the pulpit worked by strings from the pews. All of which may be partly true. Yet there is a vast difference between the Vicar of Bray "trimming" his message for his own sake and the Man of Galilee refraining to preach more for their sakes. The one was a blind guide in spite of all his preaching, the other the Savior of men's souls. The former was selfish, the latter sacrificial; the first, spiritual sin; the second, spiritual service. All this becomes very clear, when one begins to think about the causes for Jesus' unpreached sermon.

I

In the first place, the disciples had reached a point of spiritual saturation. The salt of the gospel had been added to the clear water of their souls until they could absorb no more. They had been eating at a table generously and richly filled with things of the spirit. To have gluttonously eaten more would have added nothing to their enjoyment or nourishment, but would have been decided folly. They had received an intensive training. Truth after truth, new attitudes and implications, insights and visions—all had poured into their souls until they were brimming. Now came the time for assimilation, absorption, coordination. And the Master knew it! To add more would have spilled and wasted that which they had already received. He refrained for their sakes.

The modern church, amid the frantic haste of the twentieth century, has forgotten this necessity of assimilation. Dispensing its preachment in doses at prescribed hours, it has fallen into the habit of urging its members to "take it all," as though it were the only condition of spiritual health. Many a soul would be far better off, if it heard one-half the sermons. The idea that church-members ought to attend two services each Sunday may be good tactics for an ecclesiastical organization, but it does not necessarily advance the cause of Christianity. We need to remember the parable of the farmer who found it unprofitable to recklessly sow his seed in acre after acre without regard to the cultivation of the plants that sprang up behind him. Jesus tended with a careful eye that which he had sown, and refrained from profligate "scattering abroad," though he had more to give.

Much of our difficulty comes from our impatience. As Theodore Parker once remarked, "The trouble seems to be that God is not in a hurry and I am." We ought to know that heaven is not gained in a leap or character achieved in a day. These things come not with observation but slowly, like leaven in a loaf. It takes but a moment to hear the truth, but time to become the truth. What a temptation there is in "hearing the word." Multitudes, today as of old, lull their souls to sleep with the sweet sound of sacred talk, un-

mindful of the "doing of it." They have no other religious experience than the sermon. To them, the hour of worship is a "preaching service" with "preliminaries." They are preached at, preached to, and preached against, until the church is knee-deep with words, and folks wallow in the flood and grow to like it, just as others like a mild intoxicant—it makes them *feel* good.

Added to this surfeit of sermons, we have built up a tremendous convention-complex, by which we inveigle thousands into meetings of high verbal pressure for three days or a week. How we ever expect them to drop into their respective tasks without having spiritual "bends," or going "flat," is strange indeed. We have been overwhelmed with impressions, gorged with too many good things—and because we did not have the wisdom to refrain or take time to assimilate them, we suffer all sorts of pains and ills.

It would do the man of the Occident much good to have written across the skyline of his attention, a text from the Analects of the Orient, a very wise observation about Confucius, namely, "When he heard anything which he had not carried into practice, he was afraid of hearing anything else." Jesus knew this well and kept his sermon in his heart for their sakes. We ought to know it, for everywhere but in religion we are exceedingly careful not to "run before we walk." We make certain that our children know the multiplication table before we teach them fractions. They must play with one hand on the piano before they use two. They learn first year French before they are allowed to study second year French. But in religion, it seems to matter little! People listen to Christianity all their lives and scarcely learn to lisp its simplest syllables. They grow to like spiritual calculus but cannot figure the most elementary problems of morality. They are sentimentally enthusiastic about world peace, but fail utterly to understand and live genially with their own family. They prate about brotherhood, but gossip despicably about their next door neighbor. They believe in democracy, but they live like tyrants. There is a time to cease from class room instruction and begin life's practical work, lest we smother our souls with the sweet deception of sacred sounds. Jesus knew that too much preaching was as harmful as none at all.

II

Furthermore, Jesus refrained from preaching that sermon, I suspect, because the loyalty and confidence of the disciples was not firm enough to stand the strain of new departures. Many revolutionary steps had been marked out and they had yet to fulfill them. To realize these new attitudes, many of them in direct opposition to the tradition of their race and the training of their childhood, was an undertaking of no mean order. To be sure, their faith in Christ was growing day by day, but it was a trembling, tender thing, and the Master knew it would be not only unkind, but unwise as well, to add a burden that would strain to breaking the slender tendrils of their fellowship with him. He refrained, for they "could not bear it now."

Many a young man, entering the ministry with the fire of prophecy flaming in his soul, feels it to be his divinely appointed task to "run things right," to speak out honestly, even abruptly, and to cut the props from under everything he has found to be unessential to himself. He is apt to be enthusiastically impatient with the traditions and customs of his flock. Let such men remember the Master's self-restraint. He waited upon the love of his disciples before he made any drastic departures. A pastor is wise if he achieves a good fellowship of confidence with his people before he begins any extensive alterations of their spiritual traditions.

Samuel H. Miller

Let it be said as frankly, however, that Jesus finally came to the day when he made the startling announcement of his messiahship—a messiahship of suffering and death on the cross. Such a departure from the accepted ideal of their day and generation was too much for the disciples, and when he set his face steadfastly toward Jerusalem, they followed him "afar off," and later Judas betrayed him. They could not coordinate the thought of a suffering Messiah with their ideas of God and goodness. They were not free to accept the new without prejudice. Much that was in the heart of Jesus could not be preached because their mental background would have rendered it mysteriously incompatible and their hard won gains would have been quickly confused and lost. It certainly looked at the time of the crucifixion as though all was gone. But the Master knew his men well. They came through. The brighter light of a profounder truth than they had understood before, broke upon their souls and the disciples became towering giants of spiritual power for a world in need.

III

Finally there is an intimation at the heart of this unpreached sermon of Christ, of a spiritual limit. It is stated more succinctly and with alarming frankness in the words he uttered at another time, namely, "Cast not your pearls before swine." Although the words have an unpleasant association in our minds, they bring us face to face with the fact that there are souls incapable of appreciating certain higher spiritual realities.

So Rufus Jones quotes Giles Randall's description of the various capacities of souls: "As in the world all men are not of an equal height or stature of body, but some taller, some shorter; some weaker, some stronger; so neither are all of one just and even proportion in spiritual light and strength of faith in the kingdom of God; some are dwarfs of Zaccheus' pitch, some of Saul's port, taller by his head and shoulders than his brethren; so in the kingdom of Christ some are babes, some are young men, some are fathers, everyone according to the measure of the gift of Christ." Jesus implied it all in the parable of the talents, when one man received ten talents, another five and another two. Certainly in life it is evident that, as one man seems doomed to live a dwarfish, circumscribed existence, another's stature grows with the passing of every day. Just as the schools recognize that a student may reach his intellectual limit, so in religion there are evidences for believing that souls may reach their spiritual limit. They will remain "babes in Christ," unable to eat the strong meat of the gospel. Perhaps their social reach is short, even in this world of radio and airplane and newspaper, so their Christianity in consequence will be phrased and lived in a small circle. Or it may be that their mental incapacity does not allow their venturing into the deeper and profounder issues of existence, so their seeing things whole will be a difficult matter. But a greater problem than these is presented by the man whose Christianity is a sort of family inheritance, the residue of which appears in his life as a sort of reverent superstition; or the woman whose religion is a purple emotion that thrills like mental unchastity. These are they who cry, "Lord, Lord," but know not his works. They started to build the tower of faith but as Jesus plainly says, "were unable to finish."

Our problem comes in ministering to these folks. It is evident that the ordinary movie fan does not appreciate good opera. The art of Michelangelo has little meaning for those who like the tabloids. Beethoven is an alien to the devotees of jazz. In a normal church we might as well recognize that there are some who like religious jazz and are incapable of anything much higher. They like their religion "whooped-up." To ignore them is wrong.

Our task is to minister, as our talent permits, to all men, "even to the least of these" whose spiritual possibilities are limited. Certainly it is not necessary or wise or Christlike, to present the widest implications or the deepest profundities of our faith to them, lest they grow fearful and confused amid circumstances too large and intricate for their handling. We, too, can refrain for their sakes, though the glory of a greater message burns in our hearts.

IV

Already the tide of interest is swinging from this exaggerated emphasis upon the sermon over to the quality of our worship and the experience of our faith. It is the reaction from the careless extemporaneous verbosity of the "preaching service." It is the promise of a more balanced spiritual ration, for which we ought to be extremely thankful, for while the sermon is good, we have made it too much of a good thing. All listening and no doing, all impression and no expression, all eating and no assimilation, makes Christians spiritual dyspeptics. It is good when a man knows that he has had enough to nourish his own soul and to create new power for works of righteousness. It is even better when a preacher knows how to refrain "for their sakes."

Jesus and the Liquor Traffic

By Thomas A. Goodwin

Whosoever shall cause one of these little ones that believe on me to stumble, it were better for him if a great millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea. Mark 9:42.

WE ARE not primarily concerned with whatever attitude Jesus may have taken toward the sale or consumption of alcoholic beverages in Palestine nineteen centuries ago. There was a totally different situation to face then. There were no saloons, as we know them. There was no organized liquor industry, wealthy and corrupt, bribing legislatures, judges, and police officers. There was no whiskey, for the process of distillation had not been invented. There was nothing whatever of commercial advertising, such as promotes the extensive sale of most commodities today. There were no automobiles. If a man was drunk, he could travel no farther nor faster than his horse, or ass or camel could carry him, and that would probably be in the direction of home. There were no machines running at high speed, tended by workmen who needed sure hands and quick. There were no railroads, no busses, no airplanes, transporting passengers whose safety would depend upon the responsibility of the driver of these conveyances and the others they might meet.

Whatever attitude Jesus took toward alcoholic beverages and their use in his day might well be greatly modified today, when conditions have changed so enormously. As Christians we are not concerned with a wooden imitation of what Jesus was. If we were, we should all dress as he did, we should speak his language, we should not marry. What we are concerned with is just this: If Jesus were here today, living in my town, or in yours, what would he do? If we can

answer that, we shall have a guide to our own conduct that will be both a challenge and an inspiration.

In the first place, I am convinced that Jesus would obey the law, both in letter and in spirit. My conviction is based upon his attitude toward the laws of the state in his own day. There was an acute and grievous situation confronting his countrymen. They had to pay taxes to an alien government, and these taxes were extremely high. Moreover, the system by which they were collected was most offensive, since it made graft easy and very profitable, and put a premium upon extortion. His enemies thought they could get Jesus to say that such taxes ought not to be paid, which would have made him liable to the punishment of Rome, or to say that they were just, which would have alienated his own people. Whatever construction you may put upon his answer, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's," his words afford no comfort to the lawbreaker or the tax-dodger. Furthermore, when confronted with the question of the temple tax, he showed by example and direct injunction that the law on that score should also be obeyed. Jesus obeyed these laws, though it is altogether probable that he regarded them as unjust, and even iniquitous.

Jesus and the Sabbath

But some will point out that he broke the law concerning the sabbath. Yes, he did. This was not a civil law, but an ecclesiastical law, supposedly from God, but not properly interpreting God's will. Human values, he insisted, were more important than technicalities. He healed on the sabbath, not because he did not agree with the spirit of the law designed to give man one day in seven for rest and worship, but because healing was in accordance with the larger purpose of God, and therefore in the spirit of the day. He broke the law not for self-indulgence, nor for financial profit, but for the good of a suffering invalid. The sabbath was made for man, not man for the sabbath. I believe he would say the same about other laws, including prohibition. None of us objects to the medicinal use of alcohol, and of course not even the law objects to that. It is interesting to note, however, that the physician in charge of the Presbyterian hospital in Chicago has stated that since the coming of prohibition hospital physicians have not issued prescriptions for wine or whiskey or beer, even though that would not be violating the law. They have other remedies which accomplish just as well whatever these old-fashioned ones are supposed to do.

But these individuals who boast that they violate the prohibition law because they believe it is a bad law —are they really violating it to help their fellowmen? Those I know personally are violating it because they like to drink, or they think it is smart to serve drinks to their guests, or because it is financially profitable to handle it. The northerners who aided runaway slaves in violation of the law felt that they were obeying God rather than men. Is that the motive of the bootlegger or of his customer? Jesus never broke a law for selfish purposes. When he set aside a law it was that God's law might be fulfilled instead of man's.

In the second place, I am convinced that Jesus would urge the complete extermination of the traffic in alcoholic drink. He would not be satisfied with any half-way measures, any compromise with evil. That temptation he disposed of in the wilderness. On one occasion he said, "Whosoever shall cause one of these little ones that believe on me to stumble, it were better for him if a great millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea." Jesus used this radical expression to emphasize the enormity of the offense which degrades human personality.

THOMAS A. GOODWIN

Human life is akin to the divine life. Jesus affirmed that in his own life, as in his words. It is a terrible thing to drag down into sin a life that has in it possibilities of a personality like that of Jesus. Modern psychologists are fond of giving us illustrations of the terrible and long enduring consequences of some injury to personality that occurred in childhood. Jesus did not talk about complexes and frustrations, but he did give us a key to right living in the principle of reverence for personality. Even in the most despised sinner Jesus saw capacity for the good life, and he condemned in these unsparing terms the man who, instead of helping another to achieve the good life, puts stumbling-blocks in his way, and sends down into failure and sin a life that God meant should be lived on the level of victorious and Godlike love.

Now that is just what liquor does. It degrades life. Anyone who uses it, even moderately, thereby lowers to that extent the level of his living. He puts a stumbling block in the way of his ascent Godward. Let me make some categorical statements of some truths I

hold to be self-evident. If challenged in the forum following this service, I can support them with proof which I will not take time for now.

Drink Is Degrading

First, alcohol degrades the drinker. It degrades his physical life. It is an enemy of health, strength and long life. If this is not true, why do insurance companies discriminate against the man who drinks, even moderately? Why do coaches compel athletes to train in total abstinence? Why do even those who drink admit that children should not be allowed to drink?

Furthermore, alcohol lowers the mental life of the one who drinks it. If this is not so, why do railroads refuse to employ as engineers, switch tenders, or train dispatchers any man who drinks even moderately? Why do scores of manufacturers refuse to allow drinkers to operate their machines?

Alcohol lowers the self-respect of the drinker. Without self-respect no virtue can be achieved, or defended against temptation. If this is not so, why do even a few drinks loosen the tongue of profanity, smut and falsehood? A man is willing to live on a lower level when he has been drinking, and the more he drinks, the lower the level to which he sinks in contentment.

And as for spiritual values—what can be saved from the effects of the habitual use of alcohol? If a man cannot tell the difference between right and wrong, how can he choose, much less achieve the better way? Of course I know a few men, as you do, who have done a great many fine things, and manifested some heroic qualities, in spite of the fact that they drink moderately. But can any one deny that they would have risen to greater heights if they had not tried to carry a load of poison in their bodies? They may be worthy of admiration, but not as much as they would have deserved if they had shown better self-control in this respect.

Liquor and the Community

In the second place, alcohol degrades others besides the drinker. While heredity continues to be a factor in physical and mental health, the children and grandchildren of alcoholics will continue to suffer for the sins of their fathers. While environment means anything in the life of the child, the children of drunken parents will continue to suffer the evils of poverty, malnutrition, abuse, disease, and the far deeper injuries to character that slums and saloons always produce. If you have never seen a home ruined by alcohol, I can take you to some in our city. If you have never seen anyone but the drinker suffer from his drinking, you have lived a life of unbelievably sheltered innocence, or profound ignorance. In the hospitals of our city I have called on more than one innocent victim of a drunken driver.

Drink not only degrades the drinker, and brings suffering upon those in his home and neighborhood, but it also degrades the whole civic life of the community. When I was a boy in Indiana, thirty years ago, the city in which I lived was in the grip of a political ring commonly called the "Brewery gang," whose leader finally was sent to the penitentiary. There is no town, or city or state in this nation that has not had to fight the liquor interests for the political independence of its administration, its law-making body, and even its courts. Nor will any compromise with that gang ever be tolerable. They have never obeyed the laws they were not compelled to obey. Always they have been lawless, from selling to minors to bribing judges, from adulterating beer to abetting prostitution. The one rule of the manufacturers and purveyors of alcoholic drink has been to make money by any means at hand: by making drunkards of women and children as well as men, by evading license fees and robbing drunken customers, by conniving with any and all kinds of criminals, and by murdering those they could not bribe.

If drink does all this—if it degrades the life of the drinker, and those with whom he associates, if it corrupts the social and civic life of the community, if it renders it not only extremely difficult but absolutely impossible for men and women and children to reach their highest level of character and attainment—is it something to encourage? to tolerate? to legalize? to cloak with respectability? Or is it a foul, murderous, corrupting pestilence that must be wiped out completely? To suggest that it be legalized and controlled, within certain limits, shows less understanding than to suggest that we set apart a zone in which the germs of smallpox be allowed to develop and spread to the financial profit of the government.

Why Compromise?

There are, as I see it, only two reasons for any man urging that we compromise with the liquor business: (1) appetite for drink, and (2) thirst for the profits of the traffic in drink. If any man who wants to compromise with this evil has any other motive at heart, I have yet to learn of it.

Men used to say that a city had to tolerate prostitution. A red light district, they said, was necessary. Whenever a man told me that, I always asked him, Necessary for whom? for *you?* When a man says that you can't get rid of liquor, you might as well legalize it, tolerate it, I say, Necessary for whom? for *you?* Can't you forego your indulgence in an occasional drink, if to get it you must contribute to the degradation of children, the breaking up of families, the death of thousands through accident, disease and murder directly caused by drink? Isn't that a high price, too high a price to pay for your personal pleasure, if it is a pleasure, or for your personal liberty, if you call it that? It were better that a millstone be hung about our necks, and we be cast into the sea, than that we should drag humanity down into the depths of drunken misery and sin, and all manner of social and political corruption.

Who is so selfish, so without self-control, so devoid of love for his fellowmen that he insists that the liquor traffic be maintained at this cost, in order that he may have his occasional drink? Compromise with the liquor traffic? Not while human life is capable of resembling Jesus Christ.

"Far Frae Hame"

By Robert Freeman*

Happy are they who nerved by thee set out on pilgrimage. Psalm 84:5 (Moffatt).

AM TAKING for a text a Scottish scholar's translation of a verse from the Psalms, and it suggests three things: the pilgrim feet, the pilgrim mind, and the pilgrim heart. We are they of the pilgrim feet. We are of those who did set out on pilgrimage and it has been a long trek. It is a far cry to the Tweed and the Clyde and the Birks o' Aberfeldy; and memory is busy tonight. In such an assemblage as this, at such a time, we cannot obey the Pauline precept to forget the things that are behind.

Memory's starting point may be anything, a familiar smell, a sound echoing down from the days of childhood, the strains of an old-time song, or the glimpse of a photograph—of a face or place long since otherwise forgotten. With me it might have been the collar of my first dog, Fannie; a silver button from the coat of my kiltie suit, in which I had to fight to defend my national good name in the heart of the city of London at the age of eight. It might have been the memory of my first long bicycle ride; or of my boyish thieving and the sound thrashing that followed; or the first penny which hanselled a new suit; the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Cowan before leaving for the Scottish church in Alexandria and the consequent stirring in my boyish breast of desire to sit, like him, in that rank of scholarly messengers of Christ clad in Geneva gowns and academic hoods; or my Band of Hope pledge, whose purpose was more fixed in my mind by the effort of a rowdy to take it from me than by the act of signing and receiving. However, it is none of these. It is this small silver thing, brought to light in our recent spring cleaning, my very first watch. It is an eloquent little talker, a bit old-fashioned no doubt, a key winder, but it is all there in the fundamentals. Watches are pretty much like people; most of the changes are just for style. The clothes that vary so much, matter relatively little, while the bodies within continue.

Redeeming the Time

This watch is always preaching a sermon. Its text is always the same, "Redeeming the time," and the divisions of the sermon are always the same three parts: Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow.

The engraving within its case gives to me the wings of the morning and I fly to the little Scottish town of Peebles and see myself receiving the package from the postman, while mother eagerly looks on, experience again the thrill of having a watch and the satisfaction of knowing that it was earned. I remember the pride of my parents in the winning of the bursary by their small boy, the coveted prize which would enable them, despite their extreme poverty, to give him a year or two more of educational preparation for life. I remember too the several schoolmasters who helped me attain that goal, who sought to make out of poor material a decent man, and who gave their thought and their prayers that I should become a Christian and a servant of God.

My watch tells me there is no present, that it is only a hyphen. And yet that mere dot of time is long enough to enable me to do the wrong thing or the right thing, to spoil the past or to kill the future. It is ever preaching to me in the terms of these verses:

Here's tae ye, ma lad, as forrit ye steart
Wi' a licht i' yer e'e, an' a song i' yer heart,
Wi' yer plans an' yer po'ers! But take it frae me:
Be guid tae the auld man yer gaein tae be!

Ye're makin' the hoose whar the auld man'll bide;
Ye're hingin' him picters that time winna hide;
Ye're chisellin' the wa's o' his lang memory:
Be kind tae the auld man ye're gaein' tae be!

The airts that ye tak are no for yersel',
Ye are willin', nae doot, tae mak bed in hell—
That's a' very weel, if a gowk canna see
The richts o' the auld man he's gaein' tae be.

There ay will be short-sichted bodies, ye ken,
Wha live for the day, an' ca' themsel's men;
But they're cowardly callants wha ne'er stop a wee
Tae think o' the auld man they're gain' tae be.

Sae, here's tae ye, lad, God mak ye sic chiel
As can send the hale low-ordered pack to the de'il,
An' answer them a' wi' fire i' yer e'e,
"Ma fecht's for the peace o' an auld man tae be!"

The watch reminds me that time is like an ever-rolling stream. Time was ticking when we came; it will go on ticking after we are vanished away. This watch told me when I must go to school; it was my judge when I was late. It had me under command when I must catch the train at the Caledonian station and the boat at Liverpool. It recorded my landing in New York and my steady adventures from then on. It was a kind of pedometer as well as chronometer, a record of my pilgrim feet.

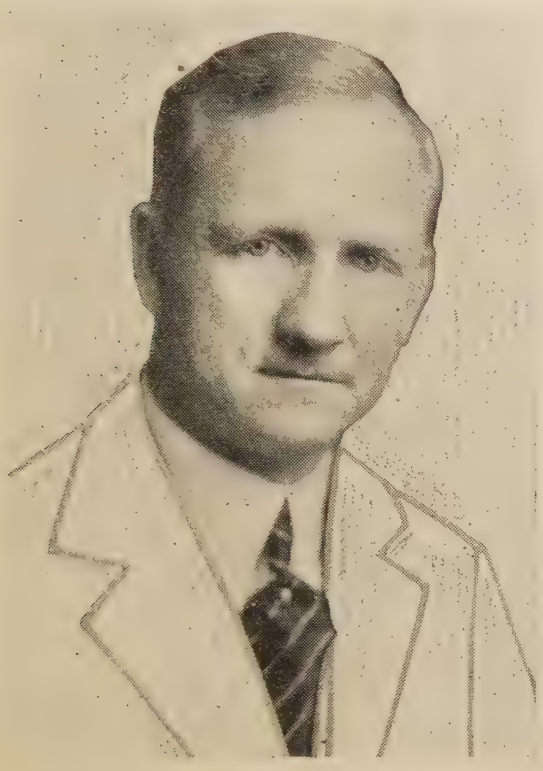
That is my memory's starting point tonight, but I wonder what may be yours, for on such a night each heart makes its own flight, each mind conjures up familiar scenes of other days. We think of the kindly old folk whom we "loved long since and lost awhile," or who still watch with eager hearts for the coming of the letters from the dear ones across the sea. Because we are of the pilgrim band, memory plays queer tricks with us. If we had stayed at home it would have been different. It has performed miracles of selection. Blessed be God for the things we have forgotten! It has redecorated many rooms. It has given the touch of exaggerative imagination, making some things worse and some things better; giving us heroic impressions of our own valiancy, when at the time of the incident recorded we saw no claim to the hero's

* Dr. Freeman delivered this address at an annual Scottish service.

medal; making our devilment a thing of fine humor when it was pure impudence or cruelty; or making a place seem the finest spot on earth when we know we have no ambition to go back there to stay. (You cannot get a Scot to quit talking of his native land as if it were heaven. Like Jacob's memory of the shelving stones of Bethel, when we are far enough away we see only a golden ladder ascending up to the throne.)

The Tricks of Memory

Memory plays queer tricks *for* us, too, exalting us, in the minds of some whose affection and whose good opinion we covet, to heroic and virtuous place, just



ROBERT FREEMAN

because we are far enough and long enough away. It may be just as well that some of us have never gone back, and too bad that some others of us have. It is really risky business going back to the old home place. We are like to find old friends looking askance at us, sensitive and quick to perceive our faults. Mere money and clothes and breezy boasting are not enough. The old land after all does not much care for these. If the pilgrimage has changed us so that we are blatant instead of modest, prodigal instead of thrifty, loud in our contempt of the old and its ways or in pity of those who did not pursue our course, instead of appreciative of all that we inherited and of those who stayed in the land of our nativity, then it would be much better if we stayed away altogether, to live with our dreams rather than with realities and to suffer those who stayed behind to fancy us people of quality.

Yes, we are they of the pilgrim feet. But are we also they of the pilgrim mind? "Happy are they." No syllable in the word pilgrimage is attractive. The first conjures visions of unwelcome prescriptions and bitter medicines; "grim" suggests cruel witches and the whole family of the austere and intolerant; while the third syllable, "age," is never sought and rarely welcomed. But the whole word is alluring. It is like certain chemical compounds—although the several parts are distasteful, the resulting whole is good. So any part of the pilgrimage may be an unhappy matter, and yet the pilgrims themselves belong to the family of the happy. How many who made the great adventure of transplanting their lives did so as the result of family strife or ill health or a record of evil ways, drink or even crime? From the Pilgrim fathers and William Penn to the wild lads who went into the bush, the syllables have been syllables of pain and misery, and yet the whole, the pilgrimage, has proved to be a happy and a blessed experience.

The pilgrim has the happiness of adventure. It is even true in war. Once he has set out he never can retreat or renounce the pilgrimage. There is no happiness in refusing. He stays at home only to blame and to suffer rancor. To be a pilgrim is to know the happiness of belonging to the elect few. The great body stays inert, and even in their own land become a commonplace, while they who have dared to follow the sun are the envied of all who knew them. The pilgrim finds happiness in idealizing his home land and his home people. It is a sentimental journey he makes. There is all the difference in the world between carrying coals *to* Newcastle and carrying coals *from* Newcastle. When we are far enough away from home we are all sentimental. One might see a kiltie band march down the Canongate without a thrill, but one would be in ecstasy to hear such band in Los Angeles. Old loyalties do not forbid new ones; the pilgrim keeps warm his old love while cultivating the new.

The Pilgrim Mind

The happiness of the pilgrim may not be realized until he is well on his way, and much of it may be found in contemplation. Goethe had most bitter experiences in his early manhood which drove him to the verge of suicide. Instead, however, of yielding to this pressure, he decided to write down the whole tale, and testified years afterward that he found some of his greatest pleasure in reading this story of his deepest misery. We may not all write our biographies in the terms of Ian Maclaren's "Good news from a far country," for we have not all followed the enviable course of Professor John Ross. Perhaps Edward Steiner's "Americanus Sum" comes closer to being in substance our life story. But there is happiness at the end of both tales, they are the record of the pilgrim mind.

The pilgrim heart, however, is the main thing. "Happy are they who *nerved by thee* set out on pilgrimage." Other sources of nerve readily come to one's mind. It may be a mere bet, or the spirit of resentment or discontent or greed. But the forbears we have in our hearts this night were, for all their enterprises, nerved by the Most High. Too glibly do some of us talk of our unhappy memories of the kirk and

blame our parents who, by means of its instruction and inhibitions, sought to make us decent men and women. Is it fair thus to pass derogatory judgment upon those who gave us all we have and are? In the Scottish capital there is a heroic statue of John Knox, given years ago by the generosity of one of Dunedin's citizens. It stands in a corner of the quadrangle of the Free Assembly hall, where only those who seek it out may find it; whereas it should be standing high on the hilltop, the uplifted hand and finger of the stern old champion of the liberties of the people ever a challenge not to forget how dearly were those liberties bought, how rich is their possession, and how necessary to the ordering of human life is the grace of the strong Son of God. Especially do we who wander to the ends of the earth, without the restraint of old ties and the pull of the expectations of those who love us best, need some such recurring summons as that, which summons can best be found in the church of our fathers. One of the Gordon Highlands, with body shattered and his face revealing an agony of thirst, was found by his chaplain, in the late days of 1914. The man of God ministered as best he might, and in search of something to say whispered, "Days like these make us think," only to receive answer from the gallant lad, "A've done my thinkin' lang syne." It is fair to expect that the stuff our fathers gave us will tell. Surely we have not altogether lost their passion or their capacity for passion.

Faith of Our Fathers

In one of Isabel Cameron's stories, "The Doctor," she tells of the wise old minister's call upon a stranger in the parish, a lonely and uncommunicative old man, who seemed to desire only to be left alone; but who, when pressed to tell the good man something he might want, confessed, "I am wanting that one would sing to me in the Gaelic and to the tune of Coleshill the hundred eighteenth psalm, where it says, 'I in distress called on the Lord.' Can you do that for me?" It was a puzzler, but the lowland clergyman vowed he would either get some one to sing it or learn it himself. Later, as he reached the cottage of Robbie Kemp he heard a burst of music that could hardly be accounted for in that little cottage. The gramophone was the secret of the miracle, and shortly it was sending forth the music of a new record made by a Glasgow choir, with a voice like a silver trumpet chanting the words before the choir invisible sang the line. At the next call of the minister on Duncan Ross he took his Bible and after the reading of the hundred and eighteenth psalm, there came issuing from out the kitchen, but like a voice from heaven, the tune of Coleshill—

I in distress called on the Lord;
The Lord did answer me;
He in a large place did me set,
From trouble made me free.

Duncan started up, his breath coming quick, his haunted eyes shining as he cried out, "It's Alastair's voice! Is himsel' there?" Then it was found that his son, the heritor of his father's musical talent, had run away from home because he had loved music and musical instruments more than anything else in the world. The father had burned the bagpipes in the fire (sheer murder, some had called it), and had seen or heard nothing of the lad, until now his voice was reproduced by modern science; for, to the surprise of all, the record, when read, said, " 'Coleshill,' sung by the Glasgow Gaelic choir; leader, Alastair Maclennan Ross." "He's my boy," cried the old man, "and I burnt his bagpipes." "Pooh!" said the Doctor. "So long as you didn't boil them and make them into haggis for a Burns' night supper, it doesn't matter." The reunion was an easy thing to arrange, and happiness was the end of the old man's pilgrimage.

Yes, the stuff our fathers gave us surely must tell. That which made them we cannot afford to miss. That which nerved them we cannot pretend to succeed without, nor can we suffer to pass on to those who follow after less than our noble forbears gave to us.

Faith of our fathers, living still,
We will be true to thee till death.

Why Not Grow Up?

By Lucius F. Reed

Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.

That we may be no longer children . . . but may grow up in all things into him, which is the head, even Christ.

FORTUNATE are those who can keep something of the child spirit through life. The simplicity and freshness of interest and open-mindedness are the marks of greatness. To be pitied are those who never outgrow their childishness, carrying into maturity traits that should have been left behind the years of adolescence.

Not long ago a very keen observer of human nature and critic of our national weaknesses, accused us of being a nation of "adult-infants," and said that this is the cause of many of our personal and social disorders. He writes, "Adult-infantilism is responsible for more social maladjustments, more family discord, and more intellectual vagrancy than any disease, derangement, or other disharmony of mind and body. And the number of people thus afflicted seems to be increasing."

Adult-infantilism is not a modern affliction or one peculiar to our nation. The moron both mental and emotional has always been an affliction and a disturber of society. Judged by the great souls, who set the standards of maturity, the mass of men are always puerile. The apostle Paul had his share of trouble with the adult-infant of his time; men and women, mature of body, old in years, but childish in outlook, undisciplined in emotions, and untrained of will. The purpose of the Christian organization is, as he wrote, "that ye be no longer children . . . but may grow up in all things." Then in that most beautiful of hymns to love

he suggests out of his own experience: "When I was a child I spake as a child, I thought as a child, I felt as a child; now that I am become a man I have put away childish things."

Most of us probably retain through life some childish traits. Men of well-trained minds may have emotional reactions of a six or seven year old; they must be mothered by someone, or they must be fed on emotional pabulum such as flattery or coaxing or cajoling. They may be willful and petulent when things do not go their way; they "won't play any more." Men conspicuously successful in some business reveal their immaturity as soon as they spend the money they have accumulated. They use their wealth to satisfy primitive desires and whims; making a display to tickle their pride and vanity.

Immature Adults

Many immature adults live fairly happy lives. They are not all making a wreck of their homes and disturbing society. Yet to be an adult and immature is not normal and has no appeal to any of us, if we realize our condition. Most of us would like to discover the childish traits in ourselves and learn the way to outgrow them. Childish people, however, are usually blissfully ignorant of their condition. Like children, should our childishness cause trouble for ourselves or others. we lay the blame on someone else.

It really does take more power of self-criticism than most of us possess, and more honesty of mind than we have, to recognize the fact of childishness. Moreover, we are quite likely to resent any such unflattering diagnosis by someone else. But perhaps we can all face frankly some of the more general indications of immaturity and also study the characteristics of maturity, and in so doing help to loosen the bonds of our slavery, as well as to set a goal of maturity before ourselves.

So, then, let us think of four characteristics of immaturity found in adults.

It is a mark of childishness when one estimates every thing and person by the way one is affected by them. If they give pleasure they are good, if pain, bad. The unpleasant is something to be endured only if it has the promise of some immediate pleasure, or if some threat of punishment makes it preferable to greater pain. The immature are blind to those values in life that are so great that how one's feelings may be affected by them should be secondary in importance. This type of childishness makes us shun responsibilities if they are likely to interfere with our pleasure or keep us from following our whims. Of course reasons will be found that are satisfactory to the one giving them, but are quite secondary. A mature woman when asked to undertake a bit of social work, the value of which she admitted, refused and offered the excuse that her time was already entirely taken up by her clubs, clubs that she had joined wholly for her own pleasure. That there may be sources of satisfaction from the exercise of one's higher capacities, the discipline of one's emotions for a good cause, and the unselfish service of others, does not seem to dawn on the mind of such immature persons. For them, the good life must be made attractive by the hope of reward, or excessive pleasure made undesirable through the fear of punishment to come. That the good life, though hard and difficult, and its pursuit often painful, may have its own values and satisfactions does not enter their thinking.

Much of the advertising in the more popular types of magazines reveals the extent of our childishness. The appeal is not to the reason, judgment, and the finer feelings of maturity, but to the more primitive emotions and desires; and is forceful by its power of suggestion rather than by any reasonable persuasion. As

A Pastoral Prayer

By Irving P. Johnson

ALMIGHTY God, heavenly Father, who revealest Thyself to man in the universe as truth, in nature as beauty, and in Christ as goodness, help us so to appreciate the true, the beautiful and the good that we may be willing to become as humble children in our approach to Thy goodness; to be sincere in our desire for righteousness, and to be faithful in our acceptance of the way that Thou hast taught.

Make us appreciative of the blessings already received, and expectant of the good things that Thou hast prepared for us. Keep us free from murmuring; cleanse our souls from all bitterness; fill our hearts with radiant joy and our lives with serenity. Illuminate our understanding, enkindle our affections, energize our wills so that in all our works begun, continued and ended in Thee, we may become acceptable in Thy sight.

Endue us with the gift of patience so that we shall show forth a faith which is patience with Thee, and hope which is patience with ourselves, and love which is patience with our neighbor, so that when life's journey is over we may have served Thee as faithful servants, and loved Thee as obedient children, and enjoyed Thee as the Source of all goodness.

We ask it in the name of Him who was the Word made Flesh, thy Son, our Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen.

an illustration: the appeal of sex is drawn into all kinds of advertising. Pictures of girls in the scantiest of bathing suits appear in "ads" of cars and men's clothing and what not. A hotel in the far north could not feature bathing girls, for they could offer no swimming, but the difficulty was overcome, and its literature had the picture of girls in bathing suits on skis.

Culture and education are offered without the effort and long discipline which the mature man knows is necessary; success awaits the signing of a coupon. The most childish kinds of pride and vanity are constantly appealed to. Study the quality of mind appealed to in the cigarette advertising of the past year or two. The whole efficient campaign—judged by its apparent results—was based on suggestion that appealed to immaturity, the immaturity of desire.

Another mark of immaturity is an undue dependence. All of us at times feel our dependence upon others and all at some time yearn for some refuge of safety, but there are men who have to be mothered all of their lives; women who are "clinging vines," or play the game of the ingenue through all of life's acts. The fear of life, the dread of facing the world, not daring to stand out from the crowd or one's group, are all symptoms. To run with the crowd, stop when it stops, applaud when it applauds, yell when it yells, hiss when it hisses, is evidence of childish dependence.

An unorganized inner life is another mark of the immature adult. Whim is king in the chaos of emotions, sentiments and habits. Or, if one is serious, one is tossed hither and yon by circumstances and conditions and suggestion. Or it is the outer law that governs one's conduct. St. Paul long ago said that as long as we are children we are under the law. The guidance of life has not passed over to a well disciplined will, well ordered sentiments, and a well thought-out ideal.

A fourth characteristic of the adult-infant is the inability to come down face to face with things as they are instead of dwelling in the realms of fantasy and romance and dreams. Last year a lad was a stowaway in an airplane that flew across the Atlantic. He made no preparations, had no part in the adventure except to endanger his own life and the lives of the flyers. His only reason for doing the foolish thing was that he wanted to do something to make himself famous like Lindbergh. Here was nothing of the long training, the careful preparation, the deliberate counting the cost, that characterized the flight of the real hero. But it was the immature fantasy, the confidence in luck, magic and the fairies that possess us.

Marks of the Mature Man

But let us turn the picture around and view it from the other and far more pleasant side. What are the marks of that maturity we should all seek? The goal of the Christian life is the full-grown man; as Paul put it in one of his letters, "Be no longer children . . . but that ye may grow up in all things in Christ." He said the great purpose of the church was that all might attain unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Unfortunately the ideal of the manhood of Christ does not have the appeal it should to the young of today for we have all but lost the vision of the real glory of that manhood. It has faded away into the cloudiness of a theological Christ who seems to have walked through our human scenes as a vision of one apart. But we are trying to get back behind the haze of speculation and adulation that has all but hidden the lineaments of his manhood. Many have turned from the Christ of theology but never have found the Christ of reality. When we do

Lucius F. Reed

see the beauty of his humanity we begin to realize that in him our human possibilities come to a full realization. As the light of appreciative criticism plays about the figure mirrored in the gospels the greatness of his personality grows upon us. In him we find the fine qualities of manhood strong and pure, in proportion and balance. But it is not in the separate qualities of his manhood that we are now interested but rather in the characteristics that mark him as a mature personality. These we may gather up in three generalizations. It will be seen that they are the positive of what we have been looking at from the other side.

His life was governed and directed from within. The glory of his people was "the Law," but he had a life governed by the law of the inner spirit. In his life there was the harmony of a soul that has found itself. The mature life is one in which some order has been brought among clashing instincts, and conflicting sentiments are harmonized; in which the conscience is well trained and the reason is not the servant of desire. The inner life is organized so that whim is no longer on the throne. There will be a fine independence of the crowd

mind and crowd emotion; a certain imperviousness to suggestion. Some tried and accepted principles and ideals will govern. The good will be followed because it is the good and not merely because of any lively hope of rewards to come or fear of punishments that God may inflict.

It is said that Confucius stated this idea of the mature life something like this: "The mature man follows what he desires, for he has learned to desire what is right." One of the greatest of the early spiritual seers in Israel anticipated the coming of the mature man when he wrote, "I (speaking for his God) will put my law in their inward parts and in their hearts I will write it." This mark of the mature life is much like Paul's idea of "the life of the spirit." It is the life possessed and under the control of the Spirit of Christ within; life controlled by the spirit of love and goodness and truth. Alas, these high conceptions of the mature life have been beyond the mass of men; they have been too far above to be popular and they could not be maintained at the heart of popular Christianity. The sheer weight of human childishness forced the Christian ideal of human life to a lower level. So the Christian life, instead of being the dedication to the attainment of the high ideal in Christ as set forth by Paul, became a conformity to rules, an acceptance of creeds, and a way of ceremonies, a hope for rewards and fear of punishment. It reverted to a religion of law for the immature. The Christian was no longer the freeman with an independent life, whose springs of action were within and whose guidance was in reason and the spirit of love for men and truth, but the life controlled from without and conforming.

Immaturity and Religion

A large part of the race is childish, and as long as it is, religion will be fashioned to accommodate that type of immaturity. There will be laws and rules enforced by ecclesiastical authority backed by the appeal to fear of punishment or the hope of rewards to come. Childish men will follow what makes them at ease and comfortable rather than that which appeals to courage and strenuous endeavor to attain to high character. It is so much easier to give people what they desire and what makes them satisfied with themselves than to challenge them to the high and difficult path that leads to the development of the inner life of reason and spiritual discernment and love. As long as it is easier to do this there will be plenty of religious teachers and preachers to make the popular appeal.

In saying all of this I do not mean to suggest that the religion of the inner life cannot be taught to those with the childlike spirit. It can be taught to children and it will be the power that will enable them to rise out of childishness. The life of love and aspiration and creative service can be put so that children can understand it and live it.

The mature life is shown in Jesus' manhood in a second way; his purpose and energy were devoted to something of greater concern than his own welfare. He had found his life by losing it in devotion to a supreme cause. He was not self-centered either in thought or emotion. His saying, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me," is an expression of full human maturity.

The mature man knows that there is something greater than himself and his little selfish concerns, and he serves the greater thing. Until one has become conscious that one is a part of a humanity whose welfare is of greater concern than his own personal affairs he is not fully mature. Is not this what lies back of Jesus' seemingly hard sayings about forsaking father and mother for the sake of the kingdom and forsaking all that one has to follow him?

This kind of maturity is found in scientists and all great scholars who forget themselves and try to eliminate their own prejudices and desire for the sake of the truth; the artist who will sacrifice everything for his art; the philanthropist who in service to men gives the best of thought and possessions for human welfare; the worker who loves his work and finds happiness in doing it. It is such a devotion to something which one esteems to be of great enough value to make one indifferent to his own feelings, forget his personal fears and overlook the small annoyances, for its sake. In his "Preface to Morals" Mr. Lippmann calls it "the quality of disinterestedness."

What Jesus Meant by Love

What Jesus meant by the "love" he commanded was much nearer to this devotion than what we mean when we commonly use the word even in our religious talk. The self-forgetting service of others; the creative impulse seeking to promote the full human possibilities of other personalities; the endeavor to break the chains that bind men, to bring men out of their prison houses, to open new worlds of freedom and growth to them, are all contained in the love which he had and taught.

When we can find something which our best thought and keenest discernment assure us is of more importance than our own personal feelings, personal comfort, and our own prosperity, and then devote our energies to that, we are on the way to maturity. The full-grown men, the great souls of our race, have had this kind of love.

One more characteristic of maturity we shall have time for: the mature man has come to feel at home in the world of reality. This may be very easily misunderstood. Men have always sought some way of escape from the hardness and evil of the world. They have looked for some refuge from the complexity and confusion of things. So they have created realms of imagination and fancy into which they have retreated. Not being willing to face the facts of their own lives they have reveled in fantasies of themselves in which they are no longer commonplace but undiscovered heroes and conquerors. So they have dreamed their dreams and indulged their fancies.

Much of this is all right and is the very power by which man lives and endures and achieves. But wrongly used it may be a substitute for real living. Maturity is the time to make dreams come to pass in the actual

world by hard thought and work; a time to strive to lift the actual in one's life a little nearer to the ideal. To be mature is to make the discovery that though the world is not according to one's desire that is no reason for being peeved, petulant or cynical. A man tries to bring desire within the possible and to change the undesirable into the tolerable; he has ceased kicking things that hurt him and learns how to adjust himself to the inevitable in his environment.

In maturity, fantasy gives way to some sort of attempt at accurate appraisal of ability, of what one may possibly be and do, and acceptance of the stern discipline and work necessary for achievement. This does not mean that there is no place in life for ideals. Our ideals may be very real and the most powerful reality in our lives. But they always have a relation to the actual; fantasies do not. In fact, they are quite likely to be wholly detached and without any power in life.

At times we use the word "real" of material things as opposed to the spiritual, but for us the world of reality must include the spiritual facts such as love and faith and hope. Goodness and beauty and truth are as truly facts in our environment to be taken into account as food and electricity. Paul said "the things that are seen are temporal and the things that are not seen are eternal"; and as we know more of the universe it is proving true. We do not know much about God, and men have had strange and unreal ideas of him, yet God has been the most real fact in the history of human development. The spiritual insight that makes these unseen things real and enables us to appraise their value is evidence of a full-grown manhood.

"Real" and "Spiritual"

So, to be at home in the world of reality is, in the first place, to know how to live in the world that science is acquainting us with and to have learned how to use it to serve the finest values in life. Most of us still use many of the wonderful things practical science has given us as children use their playthings. To be at home in the world of reality is, in the second place, to have the insight and appreciation to see and evaluate the good and the true and the beautiful in the universe and to know how to live in harmony with them.

We turn to Jesus' life and we find in him this characteristic of maturity. He was at home in the world of nature; he loved it and drew from it joy, refreshment, and inspiration. He was at home in the world of men: the good, the bad, and the indifferent. He saw them as they were, but he also saw them as they might be, and he did not let the hard facts obscure the vision, nor make him oblivious to the hard facts. He saw human society as it was but also saw that it might be a harmonious family of sons of God, and he gave himself to the realization of his social ideal. His world of reality also included God, and he was at home in this world as in his Father's house. Jesus moved through the hard and evil world unafraid. He met evil and faced it with the powers of love and truth and goodness.

So if we have learned how to live in the unfolding physical world of our day, using it to make life greater for ourselves and others, we are growing up. If we have the insight to prefer uncomfortable truth to pleasant error, unpleasant facts to pleasing fancy, we are growing up. If we have some vision of the reality of the life of the spirit in which love and beauty are real and of supreme value, we are growing up. If we have brought ourselves into harmony with the supreme Goodness, we are growing up.

How Can We Grow Up?

But we ask, "How can we grow up?" All growth is mysterious, whether it be that of a plant or the character of a man. So far as our own growth is concerned the secret is not different from that of the plant. It is a matter of the right adjustment to the needed environment. By environment I do not mean the place we happen to live or the material world that surrounds us. In almost any place we may find an environment of great thoughts, great ideals, great personalities, God. Men have worked in the dark places and lived in slums but have been spiritually environed by the best in the world. Men have lived in the gracious and ennobling presence of the Christ centuries after his feet trod the paths of Galilee. Any person who is intent on growing can live with the great and good of the world as his environment. He can adjust himself to an environment in which he will mature.

In the passage of his letter where Paul urges his friends to be no longer children but to grow up into Christ, he says that it is a cooperative enterprise. That is, he says we all have our own gift of God which each is to use in the common enterprise of growing up into full manhood. Of course we know that this is true and we are coming to see the great human resources—or, as Paul might say today, the divine resources ministered through human life—that are available. Paul said, "He gave some to be apostles; and some prophets; and some evangelists; and some pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints." We today would add many more to this list without taking any away. We would put there "and some scientists; and some doctors; and some eugenists; and some psychologists, etc."

Although this task of bringing humanity to maturity is just this cooperative task which may seem very slow to many, it is for each of us a personal pursuit. We can use the best that men with other gifts have to bring to our help, but we shall not get far without an ideal and a purpose of our own, and I know of nowhere better to find these than where Paul found them —in the Christ. As we bring ourselves up against the full height of his manhood, our own immaturity and childish traits may stand revealed. But that is well, for then we shall see the need for growth and we shall be spurred on in our purpose to grow up into the fulness of his measure of manhood.

Give us the courage of the soul's high vision.
Though its fulfillment here we never see;
The heart to make and keep the brave decision,
And faith to leave the ultimate with Thee.

The Loneliness of Leadership

By W. F. Rothenburger

My God, My God, Why hast thou forsaken me? Matthew 27:46.

THE ministry has a two-fold function, the priestly and the prophetic. The time will never come when the former can be dispensed with or the voice of the latter silenced. Perhaps it is too much to demand both of these elements in any one man as they were found in Jesus. Yet it must be said that in all life as in his the prophetic is always the most costly. Versteeg is right when he says that in these modern days "It is lovely to be a priest; so lonely to be a prophet." It was the path of the prophet that led to Calvary.

I

Three hours of densest darkness follow the first three words of the suffering Christ. What was it? Stier dismisses the incident with the mere statement that profane history records both an earthquake and an eclipse. Edersheim, on the other hand, reckons that it was during full moon and, therefore, could not possibly have been an eclipse. Those who look for the technical fulfillment of prophecy turn to Amos and read, "He will cause the sun to go down at noon and will darken the earth in the clear day." With a flash of rhetoric Papini sees only:

> A thick cloud, dark as though it came from the marshes of hell, rising above the hills and little by little spreading to every corner of the horizon. Black clouds gathered about the sun, that sweet, clear April sun, which had warmed the hands of the murderers, encircled it, laid siege to it, and finally covered it with a thick curtain of darkness.

There are those who, like MacLaren, look upon the incident as a sympathetic response of nature, "as if God had hung a piece of crepe in the skies, thus draping the heavens in mourning for the sinfulness of man." Who knows? It was dark; no sun, no moon, no star and no bolt of lightning broke through that dense cloud.

II

Who was it that tarried at the cross during those black hours? At this point the records are as dark as were the hours themselves. To be sure, the Roman soldiers must be on duty to protect the interests of the state. The ecclesiastics would stay tenaciously by until this "blasphemer" had drawn his last breath. Only John does not record the scene. Had he hurried Mary away against her wishes that she might not be compelled to pass through that awful pall of silence?

With the return of the sun, the pale and weakened Jesus breaks the spell, crying, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" In the presence of this scene both students of prophecy and lovers of theology have pitched their tents. In the eyes of the former, the twenty-second Psalm lends itself in almost complete detail to the facts of the cross. The opening sentence contains the exact words of Jesus. It has been suggested that, but for waning strength, he would have uttered the entire Psalm as David's revelation of the whole crucifixion scene.

Those who hold to the substitutionary theory of the atonement, find here a complete justification of their belief that for these tragic moments God looked upon his Son as a typical sinner, wholly without any touch with the higher life. One of the many crosses subsequently used to symbolize Christianity has its lower beam pointing toward the earth. The Russian church has employed this downward slant to symbolize that part of the ancient creed which reads, "he descended into hell." As for Luther, he considered Jesus during these moments as "suffering the fear and dishonor of a tortured conscience and tasting wrath." However, one searches in vain Christ's own interpretation of the Father's mood for even a suggestion of such an attitude even toward an offender of his laws. In that greatest of all the parables, that of the Prodigal Son, God is portrayed as possessing a wholly different mood.

III

Jesus is now passing through another Gethsemane. In the garden he had cried, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me," but he had never lost the consciousness of his Father's presence. On the cross he seems to have lost sight entirely of his companionship. "There the Lord came to the bounds of obedience," and here "the hardest and profoundest temptation drives him to the bounds of faith." In Gethsemane he recoiled from the cup; here he drinks its contents to the last dregs. His mood was human; like a traveler dying on the desert with nothing about him but his helpless camel and the stretching dunes of sand, Jesus is dying without the conscious sympathy of either God or man.

So radical a change in the Master's status among men must needs tax his human nature to the breaking point. He had passed swiftly from the position of the conqueror to that of the conquered; from the role of the victor to that of victim. For three consecutive years he was master of every situation. He had calmed the waves, healed the sick, cast out demons, and even raised the dead to life. Six days before, he was a king, thronged by a multitude of admirers; now he is a criminal on a cross of shame.

IV

Furthermore, Jesus is a lonely sufferer. Despite the fact that there were three companion victims, neither could lessen the pain of the other in the least degree. Love him as they may, his mother and his most ardent supporters are unable to share the pain which began with the driving of the nails into his hands and feet while the day was yet young, but which, like elec-

tric bolts, are shattering every nerve. They are not unlike the thousands who at this very moment keep vigil at the bedside of their sick, pathetically conscious of their limitations. As these lines are being written, a young man lies in a near-by hospital slowly fighting his way back to health. After months of great discouragement and despair his physicians say he now has an even chance of recovery. He has known all through those long stretches of empty time that there were five hundred other young men of his class ready to go the length of human possibility to share his pain. They have furnished daily words of comfort to his anxious parents and flowers of brotherliness for his own en-

W. F. Rothenburger

couragement, but he knows that beyond this point they cannot go. Paul touched the same irrevocable law in another sphere when, in one breath, he said to the members of the Galatian church, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ," and in another, "Each man shall bear his own burden."

V

But most of all, Jesus is plainly experiencing the loneliness of leadership. Not long before, Peter had deserted him as the cock began to crow the third time. Matthew tells us that during the series of trials "all his disciples left him and fled." Theirs, of course, was a different desertion than was that of Judas, but they had deserted him nevertheless. They had fallen victims to failing courage, while Judas had experienced a complete snapping of the fiber of his soul.

Here is re-enacted the loneliness of the whole three years of his leadership, raised to the nth degree. When he showed affection toward little children he was quite alone; when he befriended womanhood which had never before had a chance, even his disciples misunderstood him. If he stopped to challenge the better natures of vile men or went home to dine with Zacchæus, he was accused of improper motives and of eating with sinners. He was always alone because he was leagues ahead of even his most discerning apostles. In one of the most decisive moments of his life, when he sorely needed the human touch, he left the inner circle of three in the garden and went away to pray alone, for they could not understand his battle. In the language of MacLaren, "He longs for human companionship, however uncomprehensive, and stretches out his hand in the great darkness, to feel the touch of a hand of flesh and blood and, alas, for poor feeble love! he gropes for it in vain." As majestic Matterhorn towers alone above the lesser Alpine peaks which hold companionship with each other, so great souls stand alone above the common herd.

It is ever thus. The prophet, the idealist, the seer, the reformer and the pioneer missionary—all pass into like dark periods of solitude. Were there ever more lonely statesmen than Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson? When Lincoln uttered those immortal words in the old statehouse in Illinois—"A house divided against itself cannot stand," and "No nation can endure half slave and half free," he was leagues ahead of even his closest friends. He attached his signature to the emancipation proclamation and freed the slaves, but it led to a martyr's grave. When Woodrow Wilson sat in the council of nations in Paris and dared to affirm that war had run its course and that "a new wind was blowing through the world," he, too, stood quite alone. European statesmen whose nations had participated in many conflicts felt that wars had always been and therefore wars must always be. Here was a statesman who saw a better way. But he stood alone. This modern prophet of peace was far ahead of his own countrymen, and after a prolonged illness he, too, died a martyr to his ideals of brotherhood and understanding.

So it has been in the missionary enterprise. Livingstone, Moffatt, Morrison, Shelton—indeed, all the pioneers—had their hours of loneliness. I shall not soon forget an experience in the heart of India. It was past the midnight hour; every mission board in the world had been mercilessly cutting budgets and advocating retrenchment. We had been talking about the moral effect of this retrenchment on the missionaries themselves—these heroes and heroines who had actually taken of their pitifully small salaries to offset the suspensions by the home bases. In the midst of it, this missionary-statesman stopped and, piercing my very soul with his searching eyes, asked, "Is it worth while for us to hold the trenches until we get more help from home?" Though I represented that home base and was seated by his side, in point of missionary vision he was far ahead of me. In spite of my presence, he was alone. So it is and so it ever will be. It is the price of leadership.

VI

But after all, Jesus was not alone. God was with him and the very stars that fought against Sisera were fighting for his cause. After the resurrection his disciples regained their courage and went out to die for him. Now his kingdom encompasses the earth. Lincoln was not alone. God was nearer than the midnight messenger who brought to him the latest news from his struggling armies. Now, as the world is winning freedom, the name of the emancipator is emblazoned among the immortals. Wilson was not alone. As the God of battles walked with Saul, now the God of peace stands by the statesman's side. The strange "new wind" which blew across the council table has gained an irresistible velocity. It has swept through the corridors of every civilized capital in the world, whipping more than half a hundred nations into a pact to have done with war. The missionary is not alone. God walks beside every loyal one of these ambassadors of Christ, from the coffee belts of Africa to the plateau of Tibet on "the roof of the world." No honest disciple is alone in his loftiest aspirations. Be he layman, humble preacher on the country crossroads or mouthpiece of God in a city church; obscure teacher of sun-tanned children or dreaming poet who sings the tenderest sentiments of life; mother who keeps the humblest home or queen who sits upon the highest throne—none are alone, for God is the prophet's closest companion. After the spell of darkness, the sun shines again and yet again, and he who listens will hear the Master saying, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

VERSE

As the Sculptor

AS the sculptor devotes himself to wood and stone
I would devote myself to the living soul.
But I am solemnized by the thought that the sculptor
cannot carve
Either on wood, or on stone, or on the living soul,
Anything better than himself.
All the lines of my carving
Will but reveal my own portrait.
Gazing at my hand, at my chisel, I shudder.
How long will it take for this human sculpture,
Which can not be carved by me better, finer than my
own soul,
To escape! To escape from my pitiable and limited
domain,
And to advance to the position of a carving of God?

Happily, there is a Guide for me.
It is He who has broken open the door of the Sanctuary
And made a molten cast of God's Portrait on His
own flesh.

TOYOHIKO KAGAWA.

Bread

THE night in which He was betrayed
The Son of Man took—bread.
No palliative sugar plum
On which He might have fed
Sufficed for necessary strength
That night of victory.
When life gives only bread to eat,
Is it preparing me?

ELINOR LENNEN.

We Shall Build On!

WE shall build on!
On through the cynic's scorning.
On through the coward's warning.
On through the cheat's suborning.

We shall build on!
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
City of saints and sages.
Laugh while the tempest rages,
We shall build on!

Christ, though my hands be bleeding,
Fierce though my flesh be pleading,
Still let me see Thee leading,
Let me build on!

Till through death's cruel dealing,
Brain wrecked and reason reeling,
I hear Love's trumpets pealing,
And I pass on.

G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY.

Mourn Not the Dead

MOURN not the dead that in the cool earth lie—
Dust unto dust—
The calm sweet earth that mothers all who die
As all men must;

Mourn not your captured comrades who must dwell—
Too strong to strive—
Each in his steel-bound coffin of a cell,
Buried alive;

But rather mourn the apathetic throng—
The cowed and the meek—
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong
And dare not speak!

RALPH CHAPLIN.

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

LIKE many other Scotchmen, Rev. ROBERT FREEMAN, minister at the Presbyterian church of Pasadena, Cal., is a poet at heart; and Dr. Freeman is a poet also in the actual writing of verse; he has a volume or two to his credit. Coming from Scotland to America at the age of 18, he graduated at Allegheny college and Princeton seminary. He received a number of university degrees, among them an M. A. from Princeton university. His preaching career was begun with the Baptist fellowship, but he soon entered the Presbyterian church. He has been in his Pasadena pulpit twenty years.

For several years Rev. W. F. ROTHENBURGER was a Disciples pastor in Cleveland, O., being specially successful in the leadership of young people. From Cleveland he went to First Christian church, Springfield, Ill. He is now pastor of Central Christian church, Indianapolis. In recent years Dr. Rothenburger has made a special study of the significance of the cross in Christianity, and this year his study has borne fruit in a book—"The Cross in Symbol and Worship."

Religious drama has come to the fore in the past decade and Rev. SAMUEL H. MILLER, of the Calvary Baptist church, Clifton, N. J., has given much study to its development; last year he dramatized Honore Willsie Morrow's missionary novel, "Splendor of God." Dr. Miller graduated from Colgate university, and before coming to Clifton held pastorates at Belmar and Arlington, also in New Jersey.

At the recent merger convention of the Congregationalist and Christian churches, in Seattle, Rev. CARL S. PATTON was elected moderator of the National council. He ministers to First Congregational church, Los Angeles. From 1917 to 1926 he served this church, then was called to fill the chair of homiletics and practical theology at Chicago Theological seminary. When he decided to return to a pastorate, the Los Angeles church again demanded his leadership, and the second "installment" of his ministry there has extended from 1926 to the present date. Dr. Patton had his training at Andover, Oberlin and the University of Michigan. Several books have come from his pen, among them "Religion in the Thought of Today," and that very unusual volume of stories for children, "Two-Minute Stories."

Rev. LUCIUS T. REED *knows the secret* of the long pastorate; he has ministered at First Congregational church, Boulder, Colo., since 1917, having served in earlier years at Montpelier, Vt., and Hyde Park, Boston. He received his A. B. at Doane college, and followed theological studies at Andover seminary, which granted him an S. T. B. degree in 1901. Two years ago Doane honored him with a D. D.

Both the ministry and education have claimed the mature years of Dr. FRANK S. HICKMAN. Four years ago he went to Duke university as professor of the psychology of religion, and in earlier years he had taught in the Chicago Training School and at Hamline university. He received his training at DePauw, Boston University School of Theology and Northwestern university. Dr. Hickman served in a number of pastorates before taking up teaching, his last being in South Bend, Ind. Later he ministered for a year at First Methodist church, Minneapolis. Among his books is "Introduction to the Psychology of Religion."

The pastoral prayer is by Bishop IRVING P. JOHNSON, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Colorado.

TITLES *and* TEXTS

What PULPIT Readers are Preaching About

J. MARION KADYK, College Hill Presbyterian, Tulsa, Okla. "Veneered Speech." 1 Cor. 13:1—"If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal."

ROBERT S. HALL, St. Paul's Methodist, Lawrence, Mass. "Cataracts of the Soul." Matt. 6:23—"If thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness."

FRANCIS C. ELLIS, Boulevard Congregational, Detroit. "River or Swamp?" Isa. 32:2—"A man shall be . . . as rivers of water."

HUGH B. JONES, First Presbyterian, Sioux Falls, S. D. "Things That Cannot Be, But Are." Heb. 11:1—"Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen."

RALPH A. PHILBROOK, St. Luke's Evangelical, Auburn, N. Y. "The Secret of the Strong." Psalm 27:1—"The Lord is the strength of my life."

PAUL P. YOUNGER, Alamitos Friends, Garden Grove, Cal. "The Perpetuation of God's Personality." Gal. 2:20—"Christ liveth in me."

MARK A. TALNICOFF, First Baptist, Portage la Prairie, Man., Can. "Beloved Enemies." Matt. 10:36—"A man's foes shall be they of his own household."

D. B. BLACKSTONE, First Presbyterian, Beaverton, Mich. "Pilgrims of the Impossible." Matt. 15:14—"If the blind guide the blind, both shall fall into a pit."

C. O. DUFFORD, Holy Trinity Lutheran, Sharon, Pa. "The Pulse of Prayer." Luke 11:2—"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done."

ROBERT S. MATHES, First Reformed, Goshen, Ind. Empty Religion." 2 Tim. 3:5—". . . holding the form of godliness, but having denied the power thereof."

CARL E. DAWKINS, First Baptist, Canisteo, N. Y. "The Challenge of the Great." Luke 14:10—"Friend, go up higher."

FOR YOUR SERMON TITLE AND TEXT

(Mail to The Christian Century Pulpit)

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Title of sermon

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Text used (Write out the text)

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Name of minister

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Address

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

HOW NEAR Germany was to economic chaos when President Hoover in June proposed a year's suspension of intergovernmental debts is being disclosed daily at the conferences of statesmen in Paris and London. And how guiltily blind was the government of France in haggling nearly three weeks over the conditions of acceptance of the Hoover proposal is now clear to all men. Whether the statesmen now in session at London will be able to put Germany back on her feet will perhaps be known by the time these words are in print. There is ground for optimism in the simple fact that it is not only Germany that is involved, but western civilization's entire economic order. Indeed, the specific German trouble is but a symptom of the peril confronting the capitalistic system itself. If Germany goes bankrupt it will in all probability go communist. And with the extension of the Russian system to include that highly industrialized country, communism will at a stroke attain a goal far beyond that dreamed of by the five year—or even a twenty-five year—plan. Capitalism cannot contemplate such a possibility without anxiety. The capitalistic nations, in the face of such a peril, are being driven into each other's arms. It is not unthinkable that so deep-going a crisis will force the solution of other problems such as disarmament and debts as well as the stabilization of German finance.

Western Capitalism At the Cross Roads

The Book of the Month

A PSYCHOLOGICAL APPROACH TO THEOLOGY. *By Walter Marshall Horton. Harpers,* $2.50.

NO, THIS is not just another book in which religious experience is spread out on the laboratory table and cut up, as a student of anatomy dissects a piece of dead tissue. We have probably had the last book of that sort, for not only has the public revolted but the psychologists themselves now generally admit the pathetic inadequacy and falsity of such a method. Dr. Horton deals with religious experience as a living reality, whose essential nature is not disclosed by a bare analysis of its subjective aspect but demands a constructive interpretation of the objects or the Object without whose real existence there would be no religious experience. Much of our psychology puts religion in a deep black hole of subjectivism, Dr. Horton would say, and it is his aim to provide a way of escape. In religion, the baffled swimmer does more than tell himself that he *can,* that he *will,* reach the shore; he lays hold upon a plank or cries for help. Yet the author is a thorough psychologist, maintaining consistently the scientific attitude and reaching his conclusions by the way which psychology itself has opened up. The book is lucidly written. I have not found one obscure paragraph, and certainly not a single dull page. The quotations and other references disclose Dr. Horton's intellectual democracy, for he plainly associates not only with the master minds of philosophy but with humbler thinkers whose insights have flashed their light upon his path.

A Thought for the Month

OF ALL the names by which Christians are known, I think Jesus would prefer that we be called Friends—not alone friends of one another, but friends of Jesus himself. "Followers" is good, but it suggests imitation and conformity. "Servants" is good, but Jesus did not like its implication as applied to himself, and he gave to the term "Master" a new meaning which dissolved the antithesis and made "servant" and "master" identical. "Disciples" is good, but it suggests immaturity. Upon the name "Friends" Jesus set his own explicit approval. Henceforth I call you not servants, he said, but I call you friends. The point of his preference was that a servant does not know what his master is about, but a friend shares in the purposes, plans and resources of his friend. The servant takes orders without being taken into his master's confidence. But I have taken you into my confidence, says Jesus; there are no secrets between us; all things that the Father has told me I have told to you. There is a true sense in which Jesus exercises authority, but his deepest appeal to men is not in terms of his authority, but of their responsibility. You are not my slaves, blindly to do my bidding, he says, but spiritual partners with me, sharing intimately my insight and enjoying the same liberty of mind and action which you see me exercise. With all their devotion to Christ, the early Christians were never servile. Christianity, in this respect at least, was no slave-ethic. Christians boldly felt a kind of companionship with Christ which a slave could not think of claiming. Their idea of "obedience" was transformed by a mutuality of purpose and outlook between themselves and him they loved to call their Lord, which only friend could claim with friend. Had he been talking to slaves, Paul never would have said, Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus! He was not talking to slaves, but to friends of the Master.

Friends of The Master

Charles Clayton Morrison

"Surely no one goes to sleep under the preaching of *this* Pulpit"—

Says Rev. Francis C. Ellis, minister of the Boulevard Congregational Church, Detroit, who writes in commendation of

The Christian Century PULPIT

Dr. Ellis says further: "The Pulpit is alive, potent and urgent, dealing with the larger phases of modern religious thinking. Not an issue of the Pulpit is trite—and every issue is different! The winds of freshness blow constantly across its pages. I have been a reader from the first—a charter member of the Pulpit family!"

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ALLEN KNIGHT CHALMERS, *Dr. Jefferson's successor at Broadway Tabernacle*
JAY T. STOCKING, *of St. Louis*
MORGAN PHELPS NOYES, *of Brooklyn*
JAMES MOFFATT, *of Union Seminary*
WILLIAM CHALMERS COVERT, *Presbyterian educational leader*
WITHERSPOON DODGE, *of Atlanta*
RUSSELL J. CLINCHY, *who recently became minister of the Mt. Pleasant Congregational Church, Washington, D. C.*
JUSTIN WROE NIXON, *of Rochester*
MILES H, KRUMBINE, *of Cleveland*
CORNELIUS MUSTE, *of Brooklyn*
G. A. JOHNSTON ROSS, *Union Seminary professor for many years*
GAIUS GLENN ATKINS, *of Auburn Seminary*
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